

Stigmaticall in making worse in minde.

Luc. Who would be iealous then of such a one?
No euill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse:
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praises for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A diuell in an euermaking garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with Steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittilesse and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermaids
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgmet carries poore soules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the case.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arrested well;
but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell,
will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adr. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Sericant, a turnes
backe for verie feare.

Adr. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou
reason?

S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then
he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Sericant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home immediately.

Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:

Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Syracuse.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me

As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And euerie one doth call me by my name:

Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;

Some other giue me thanks for kindnesse;

Some offer me Commodities to buy.

Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,

And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me;
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what
haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou
meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but
that *Adam* that keepe the prison; hee that goes in the
calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that
came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you for-
sake your libertie.

Ant. I vnderstand thee not.

S. Dro. Not why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like
a Base-Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when
gentlemen are tired giues them a sob, and rests them:
he sir, that takes pittie on decayed men, and giues them
suites of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more ex-
ploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. I sir, the Sericant of the Band: he that brings
any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that
thinke a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue
you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:

Is there any ships put forth to night? may we be gone?
S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since,
that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then
were you hindered by the Sericant to carry for the *Hy*
Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer
you.

Ant. The fellow is distraet, and so am I,

And here we wander in illusions:

Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:

I see you haue found the Gold-smith now:

Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the diuell.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the diuels dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and
thereof comes, that the wench say God dam me, That's
as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-
ten, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an
effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wench will
burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are maruailous merrie sir.

Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake
a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must
eate with the diuell.

Ant. Auoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-
Thou art, as you are all a forcereffe: (ping?)

I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gon.

Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,

And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,

a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-
stone: but the more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Ma-
ster be wise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake
her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,

I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.

S. Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that
you know. *Exit.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,

Else would he neuer so demene himselfe;

A Ring he hath of mine worth forue Duckets,

And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,

Both one and other he denies me now:

The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present influence of his rage,

Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,

Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.

Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doores against his way:

My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,

He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce

My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,

For fortie Duckets is too much to loofe.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Tailor.

Ant. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,

Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money

To warrant thee as I am rested for.

My wife is in a wayward moode to day,

And will not lightly trust the Messenger,

That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*.

I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a rope end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.

How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile serue you sir fiue hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I re-
turn'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.

Off. Good sir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduer-
sities.

Off. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might
not feelee your blowes.

Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and
so is an Ass.

E. Dro. I am an Ass indeede, you may prooue it by
my long eares: I haue serued him from the houre of my
Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands
for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates
me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with
beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe; I rais'd with
it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe
from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay

I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat:
and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with
it from doore to doore.

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Curtizan, and a Schoole-
master, call'd Pinch.*

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-
der.

E. Dro. Mistris respice finem, respect your end, or ra-
ther the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

Cur. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His inciuility confirms no lesse:

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer,

Etablsh him in his true sence againe,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feelee your
pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feelee your care.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,

To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,

And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,

I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Ant. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poore distressed soule.

Ant. You Minion you, are these your Customers?

Did this Companion with the saffron face

Reuell and feast it at my house to day,

Whil't vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home

Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,

Free from these flanders, and this open shame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest
thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Dro. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut
out.

Ant. And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and
scorne me?

Dro. Certaine she did, the kitchen vefall scorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,

That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine;

And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest
mee.

Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,

By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,

But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

Adr. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.

Luc. And I am witnesse with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is posselt,

I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They